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## ENROLL TO-DAY.

IF ANYTHING were needed to speed up the Red Cross membership campaign the discovery of pro-German plots to impede it ought to supply the impetus.  
This American Red Cross drive should be of a size and weight to crush all such pro-German opposition as deep into the dirt as if the latter were a German helmet under an advancing tank.  
Enrollments are coming in by tens and hundreds of thousands.  
If Americans will only catch the spirit there can be ten million of them by Christmas Day and another ten million to follow before New Year's.  
Why not?  
Why should not at least one-fifth of the population of the United States be enrolled in this vast organization which sends its armies of healing and comfort to stand behind the fighters at the front?  
Here is a national force which every one may join. Nobody is too young or too old, too frail or too feeble to do this much for his country.  
Even a child can understand what it means when somebody gives a dollar to make him a member of the great society that takes care of the wounded soldiers.  
Some two hundred thousand additional members have been so far gained from New York City.  
What is 200,000 in this metropolis of more than 5,000,000?  
By Christmas Morn there ought to be a million new Red Cross members in Greater New York.  
Only a dollar to join.  
No question as to who gets the money or how it is spent.  
The most loved and respected symbol of mercy, healing and human helpfulness on this war-racked earth to-day—the Red Cross. Enroll under it.

JOHN DOUGH should be the name on the subpoenas going out to the Mitchell Campaign Fund profiteers.

## KEEP WELL.

FIFTY-SIX DEATHS from pneumonia in Greater New York between noon Thursday and noon yesterday—the highest twenty-four hour total of mortality from this disease recorded in past five years—ought to be a warning to New Yorkers that early winter weather this season is putting an unusually heavy strain on health and vitality.

Cold homes, cold offices, cold street cars have greatly increased that strain, and unfortunately there is all too little assurance that coal famine will not again add to the city's sufferings during cold spells.

Nothing, of course, should be left undone to guarantee regular fuel supplies and a normal degree of warmth. Nevertheless the individual citizen must realize that he ought to be more than ever careful to keep in good condition and so prepare himself to resist chill and damp that give rise to colds and sore throats.

Almost every adult person understands himself well enough to know the chances he cannot afford to take unless he wants to find himself down with a cold. Those chances vary with individuals. The point is: Don't take them.

To keep well just now is a patriotic duty. The country needs throughout its length and breadth sound, strong, cheerful Americans ready to do a full day's work and run no foolish risks when it is a question of health.

The season of snow and slush, of sudden changes, icy blasts and melting damp is on in New York. New Yorkers ought to make it a special business this winter to take care of themselves, get plenty of fresh air and exercise when they can, and avoid colds.

Does investigation now under way demonstrate that our unwarranted shortage in coal and food supplies is due to an agreement among the coal and food barons to demonstrate that their own special revision of the law of supply and demand—not the Government—is to control the situation?

## Hits From Sharp Wits

About the only man who can dictate to his wife is the fellow who marries his stenographer.—Philadelphia Record.

An important ingredient of any medicine is the patient's faith in the physician who gives it.—Albany Journal.

War bread will not prove alarming, but suppose we have to have a substitute for pie!—Baltimore American.

Every man can be of some use during war times except the fellow who limits himself to making conversation.—Philadelphia Record.

A man's idea of being popular is being allowed to buy drinks for people who wouldn't do anything for him if they could.—Chicago News.

The chap who says he would give everything he has in the world to

## Letters From the People

Please limit communications to 150 words.

**A Defender of the Dog.**  
D. W. H. seems to think there has been but one rescue of a child from drowning by a dog, referring to the "one instance" as "old stuff." There are many such on record.  
My father's sister when a child swam beyond her depth and was drowning. Their dog rushed to her

rescue and brought her safely to shore.  
A few years ago our house caught fire. One of the bull terriers came and, taking my dress between its teeth, led me to the room that was in flames. But for this act on the part of an intelligent dog the house would have been destroyed. If D. W. H. will read "Senator Vent's Eulogy on the Dog," published in The Evening World Dec. 12, he will see what men of intelligence think of a dog's loyal devotion.  
L. D.

## Christmas Morn!



## What My Parents Wanted Me to Be

JAMES SPEYER

His Father a Banker, and Generations Before Him—  
He Inherited Aptitude, and Opportunity Gave  
Young Speyer His Life's Course.

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I HARDLY see how my father could have wanted me to do anything otherwise than enter the financial world or how I could have escaped following the path laid down for me by him and his family before him.

The spirit of finance was born in me, was really part of me, for the Speyers have for generations been bankers in Frankfurt-on-Main.

My father, Philip Speyer, came to New York in 1834.

He was the founder of the Speyer banking house in America and later was joined by his brother, Gustavus Speyer.

Also he met my mother in America and they were married here.

I was born in New York, where I lived until I was three years old. Then my father moved his family to Frankfurt.

After I had finished my schooling, because it was the natural thing to do I was launched upon a rigid training in international banking.

In the banking house of the Speyers.

At first I should be thought, a rich man's son, a figurehead who did not need to work to get the good things of life and who could not hope to acquire a knowledge of the intricacies of American finance. But I had to justify my having left my parents, who had been greatly opposed to my going away from them.

They had taken it for granted that I would permanently remain in Germany.

To them it was a foolish and youthful idea that I should want to give up the easy place that had been made for me at home.

But it was the love my father had for America, which more than anything else influenced me in my choice.

So when I was twenty-four years old I came to America and joined Speyer & Co. in New York.

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"A LITTLE bonus from the boss—a little Christmas extra, half a man's pay for the doing of several men's work," remarked Mr. Jarr as he handed his wife two twenties and a ten.

Mrs. Jarr regarded it too surprised to speak.

"Oh, it's all right," Mr. Jarr went on. "I hope the Old Man's conscience is as clear as mine. We got a lot of stars in our Service Flag that indicate our boys are doing their bit abroad and we are doing theirs in the office. If the boss is doing his by all concerned I can take the bonus and give it to you, and—"

"But what's a bonus?" asked Mrs. Jarr, still regarding the money.

"A bonus is part of the money you've earned by doing several times the work you should do. The boss gives it to you as though it were a free-will offering, with the distinct understanding it isn't a precedent that is established or that will ever be repeated. In short, it's a little extra money, but not an increase in wages."

"Well, I didn't say you didn't get it honestly, although the way you explain it is all very confusing to me," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "And I suppose we should be grateful to get \$50 when we didn't expect a cent, but now that we have it I realize it isn't half of what we need. But I did get two pounds of sugar to-day. So, after all, this may be our lucky day. What do you think?"

"Two pounds of real sugar?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Sugar in lumps that can be counted at, say forty lumps to the pound—and by the way, didn't ever eagerly count how many carats, I mean lumps of sugar there is to the pound, now that sugar is jewelry?"

"No, well, never mind! Beloved, with \$50 in spendable money and with two real pounds of real sugar, it is indeed our lucky day! Shall we go to a cabaret to-night and spend the \$50 on a modest meal, including food, and you wear all the sugar blazing in your tresses?"

"Oh, stop acting and talking silly while I think what I shall do with this money!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "I just happened to mention the sugar."

"You shouldn't mention it so loud," replied Mr. Jarr. "Burglars might hear you and break in and murder us for our sugar. But I tell you what you can do—you can get the twenty dollar bills changed into small notes and camouflage the sugar with it carefully. Burglars breaking in will see a pile of money. They will not think the sugar is concealed."

"I need every cent," replied Mrs. Jarr. "You only ask for two dollars, but I do not know how much you'd take. No, if it's mine, it's mine."

"You won't let me have two dollars—a 4 per cent. of my own bonus?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Jarr. "I haven't it to spare. Here's a quarter. That's enough for any man these hard times!"

"It's all right," murmured Mr. Jarr. "You are a normal-minded married woman."

**SMUTS ONCE A LAWYER.**  
G. E. J. SMUTS, who has been fighting the Teutons in German East Africa, was a lawyer in Capetown and Johannesburg before he gained his first military experience as a Boer commander in the South African War.

## Americans Under Fire

By Albert Payson Terhune

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## No. 52—THRASHING THE PIRATES.

THE population of His Majesty's colony of North Carolina is made up, in equal parts, of smugglers and runaway slaves and pirates."

So, in 1709, reported Edward Randolph. And his cynical words were true—as regards the pirates.

For years the coast of both Carolinas had been scourged by pirates. In South Carolina there was at last a general housecleaning, the settlers rising in their wrath and driving out the sea robbers.

But the coves and coast villages of North Carolina were still favorite hiding places for the black flag men. Thence they used to sail forth to plunder colonial shipping and to rob towns and farms. They threatened the very life of the settlements, even as later this same region was threatened with destruction by the Tuscarora Indians.

Full fifteen hundred pirates made North Carolina their headquarters, and from that base swept the Atlantic north to Newfoundland and south to Panama.

Foremost among the freebooters was an Englishman named Robert Thatch (or "Teach"), who went by the title of "Blackbeard." He was a giant and probably crazy. His enormous inky beard was divided into dozens of tiny braids, each one tied with a gay bit of ribbon.

He had long been a terror of the coast. But his crowning feat of daring came in June, 1718, when he sailed down from North Carolina with a forty-gun frigate and three sloops-of-war and raided Charleston Harbor.

Into the roadstead he swooped and gave battle to eleven merchant ships that were just putting to sea. Blackbeard captured them all. In one vessel were several prominent men of Charleston.

Blackbeard put these men in irons. Then he sent a message to the Colonial Governor of Charleston saying if a quantity of supplies and tribute money were not paid over in forty-eight hours the next message ashore would be accompanied by the prisoners' severed heads.

Blackbeard got what he demanded and retired to North Carolina with his booty. There he proceeded to massacre his fourteen-time—and to surround the wedding with almost kingly festivities.

But punishment was not much longer delayed. The affair at Charleston roused fierce indignation everywhere. An expedition was fitted out in Virginia to crush local piracy once and forever.

A few months afterward Blackbeard's forty-gun frigate, with the Jolly Roger at her peak and several hundred pirates on her decks, crept out of Ocracoke Inlet, N. C., where she had just been overhauled and refitted.

She was setting forth on a new cruise of loot and murder. Blackbeard himself steered her through the narrow channel out toward the open sea.

And there he found two Virginia warships barring his way. There was no escape. There was nothing to do but fight.

Then began a battle for supremacy or the crushing of piracy. Long and hotly it waged. The buccaners and their chief fought for their very lives. But the colonists fought better.

Any time they swarmed over the side of the pirate ship and slashed their way across her blood-aimed decks. Blackbeard was killed in single combat. His death was the signal for his surviving followers to throw down their weapons.

These survivors were duly hanged from the yard-arm. Blackbeard's skull was banded with silver and was used by one of his conquerors as a drinking cup.

This battle was the beginning of the end. In a few years piracy was completely wiped off of American waters.

## The Rich Woman's Christmas

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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YESTERDAY I talked with her—day school sermon; but I just can't help it.

"It's the truth. And my husband, who has not worked for years, is working from early morning until late at night on some war project that he has been asked to do. And the fact that he has a part in the fight has given him new youth and vigor. We are both working all the time because it seems in the very air to do so."

"In a word, one can't be alive and not be active in the things that are counting to-day. I thought I was doing my duty by keeping my household going properly, meeting with my friends and doing my share of philanthropy; but I now realize there is something else."

"I believe the war has made us all see it. I believe humans are drawn together more closely in the interest of humanity, and therefore we are learning something more about how to sympathize than ever before."

"Ah, there my dear woman, you spoke truth. If the war has made us more it has brought a sympathetic vein in the entire scheme of things. It has made the 'idle rich' less idle and perhaps less rich in money; but richer in acquiring some of the human qualities that will endure for all time."

"Yet it is only the beginning—this experience of the war. We are learning something more about how to sympathize than ever before."

"I have never enjoyed a Christmas so much in all my life. I have always thought I was a charitable woman, but I have never realized what real charity meant until this year."

"I have never had the spirit of it in the way that I have now. Always, always I made out checks for charity around holiday time, and dismissed the matter from my mind. But this year I joined some committees of war relief, and I never really saw the great need of filling particular wants until now."

"I have never understood the pleasure of giving to people whom you do not know. But I do feel it in the greatest of all giving. When I hear myself telling my friends what a good time I am having in Christmas buying this year, I seem to sound like a Sunday school teacher."

"But there is something that has come about in the spirit of the first Christmas of the war which must be encouraged throughout the year. It is this spirit of the rich reaching out to the poor in common sympathy—not being satisfied by parting with a bit of money which they may not miss, but actually taking a real part in studying the crying needs and answering them; not with the momentary aid but with the permanent help of the ounce of prevention, rather than the pound of cure."

"This is the greatest Christmas spirit to reflect upon—to help get under the underlying causes of distress and destitution and aim toward timely restitution rather than the temporary relief."

## Dictionary of the Trench

**Ration Party**—A detail that carries food to the front lines.

**Revitalissement**—Food supplies.

**Red Cap**—A staff officer, from the red band on his cap.

**Reforme**—A wounded French soldier who has recovered.

**R. F. C.**—British flying corps.

**Respirator**—A gas mask.

**Revolutionary Socialists**—The most moderate of Russian Socialists.

**S. A. A.**—Small arms ammunition.

**Salvo**—Simultaneous firing of guns of a battery.

**Sammies**—A name for American soldiers in France.

**Sap**—A small trench dug from the front line in the direction of the enemy's trench.

**Sausage**—An observation balloon.

**Scaling Ladder**—A short ladder for climbing out of deep trenches.

**Section**—A unit of organization.

**Sector**—A portion of the fighting front.

**Seventy-five**—A famous French field gun, firing thirty shells a minute.

**Shag**—An inferior kind of cigarette tobacco used by British soldiers.

**Shock Troops**—Picked men sent forward by Germans for first attacks.

**Sinks (literally Monkey)**—French soldiers' expression for gas mask.

**Slacker**—Originally one who refused to enlist. Now one unwilling to do his bit.

**Sneeke**—Bomb-A shell which on bursting gives forth a dense smoke. Used for hiding movements of troops.

**Sniper**—A sharpshooter that picks off the enemy from an advantageous position. French, franc-tireur.

**Soviet**—Russian for council. Frequently used by the Council of Workers' and Soldiers' Delegates.

**Star Shell**—A rocket which lights up a desired position.

**Strafe**—Under heavy fire. Punish.

**Suicide Gun**—Bombers and machine gunners.

(More Monday.)